UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Business—A Nervous Invalid

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

Why I Shall Vote for Foster

By MICHAEL GOLD

Canadian Statesmen and Naval Disarmament

By EDWIN D. MEAD

Lawyers' Ethics

By LOUIS F. POST

VOLUME CII NUMBER 7

Chicago, October 29, 1928

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Business Agents.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 15, 1928, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1928 NUMBER 7

RELIGION AND POLITICS

"Men say that religion has nothing to do with politics. They mean that morality has nothing to do with politics; that, in making and administering the laws, no consideration is be had of charity, truth, justice, or common honesty. . . .

"Men in pulpits say that the minister should have nothing to do with politics. They mean that he should never preach in favor of good laws or against wicked ones, never set forth the great principles of morality which underlie the welfare of the state, never point out measures to embody and apply mere principles; and never, never expose the false principles and wicked measures which would lead the community to ruin. . . .

"A church should be the means of reforming the world. It should therefore bring up the sentiments, the ideas, the actions of the times, and judge them by the universal standard. If there is a public sin in the land, if a lie invade the State, let the church give the alarm. Here let no false idea or false action of the public go without exposure and rebuke. And let no noble heroism of the times, and no noble man, pass by without due honor. In this way a church shall be a society for the promotion of the public weal."

—*Theodore Parker.*

As the presidential campaign develops, it becomes plain that the outcome is going to turn upon the personalities of the two leading candidates. Those who are going to vote the Republican ticket declare that they propose to do this because Mr. Hoover is "the best equipped man ever presented for the presidential office" in this country. Those who are going to vote the Democratic ticket declare that they propose to do this because of their belief in or devotion to Governor Smith. In other words, as though the experience of all the past had taught us nothing, we find ourselves in the midst of a campaign dominated by the myth of "the good man"! Will the American people never get through voting for "good men"? Will they never gather intelligence enough to recognize that there are economic and political forces loose in this country which make the election of "good men," of the *best* men, of none effect; and that no progress of any kind is going to be made until these forces are dealt with at first hand? It is impossible for men and women to see in the present contest that behind Mr. Hoover is the Republican Party, as behind Mr. Smith is the Democratic Party; that both of these organizations are owned and operated by private interests for private profit; and that the support of either, whatever the attractiveness of its candidate, is the support of interests subversive of the popular welfare? The best thing we know about Herbert Hoover is his long record of indifference to partisan politics; but already he is learning a subservency to the machine which must make his friends groan for very anguish. The most obvious thing we know about "Al" Smith is his life-long devotion to the most corrupt political organization on this continent. What is going on today is the same old game of fooling the people with a fake contest between "good men," either one of whom can be elected without changing in the slightest degree the national destiny. As long as voters vote for "good" Republicans and "good" Democrats, just so long the Republican and Democratic parties will be with us. As long as these agencies of infamy are with us, just so long things will be what they are. The only way to save America is to refuse to bite at either one of these hooks, no matter how attractive the bait.

It is the utter inconsequence of the choice between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith that makes so nonsensical all the turmoil and excitement of the present campaign. Little else is being thought or talked about, so far as we can judge. Except for a Zeppelin now and then, and the football games on Saturday, all news is being subordinated, or suppressed, in favor of election news. Who is to be chosen, Hoover or Smith, would seem to be a question to shake the stars. Yet we believe, as we have repeatedly said, that this is a matter of trifling importance. It makes some difference as regards Prohibition, perhaps—a Hoover victory will be hailed as a "dry" triumph, and a Smith victory as a "wet." But even so, especially since Smith can do nothing to change the Prohibition law, we have a suspicion that whichever man is crowned on November 6th, life will go on very much the same. And when we look into the future, we are conscious of a certainty that this campaign will not bulk large. Indeed, it is our private guess that historians, a century hence, or even a generation hence, will make about as much fuss over it on their pages as they now make over the Taylor-Cass campaign of 1848, or the Garfield-Hancock campaign of 1880. What these historians will really be interested in is such matters as these—the signing of the Kellogg-Briand Treaty which outlaws war, and thus ushers in a new era of peace; the inauguration of Chiang as President of China, which marks the culmination of the Na-

tionalist revolution, and the definite renaissance of the most populous nation in the world; the success of the Russian Soviet, and its establishment of a new economic order and a new type of civilized society; the quiet but immeasurably potent influence of Gandhi upon an awakening nation of over three hundred and fifty millions of people. How strangely distorted is our contemporary view of our own age! We are obsessed with world series baseball games, with the football season, with the Gene Tunney wedding, with the latest murder, with the Hoover-Smith campaign. But these are forgotten in a day, while the things we see not endure forever.

Recent developments would seem to indicate that there is one fact in the present campaign which may cause it to be remembered. We refer to the fact that this campaign would seem to mark the definite abandonment by the Democratic Party of the tariff issue. On this point of division, which seemed to endure as the one distinction between the two old parties, as on all other points of division, the Democracy has now gone over bag and baggage to Republicanism. The Houston platform was an indication of what was coming; Governor Smith's Louisville speech was the final nail in the coffin of "tariff for revenue only," not to mention free trade at all. Can there be any doubt, after such an exhibition as this, that the Democrats are just as completely in the clutch of big business as the Republicans? Is anybody so foolish as to imagine that the Donkey has not now been swept along with the Elephant in the all-engulfing tide of contemporary industrialism? "Al" Smith is just as much interested in the shamelessly materialistic issue of prosperity as Herbert Hoover is or Mark Hanna was. Exactly like the Republicans yesterday and today, he is making a fetish of the full dinner pail, and declaring that he will clap on any kind of a tariff charge to keep the pail crammed to overflowing. Shades of Tilden, Cleveland, Wilson —what a spectacle! The more we think of it, the more we feel that this abandonment of the tariff issue by the Smith Democrats will be regarded by the historians of the future as a momentous event. Here, they will say, is the point where the last vestige of difference between Republicanism and Democracy disappeared. Here is where the last spark of liberalism in the Democratic Party flickered out. We feel sorry for our many liberal friends who have hailed "Al" as the new leader of American liberalism, only to see him sell the soul of liberalism for a mess of presidential pottage.

The silences in this presidential campaign are "portentous, and a thing of state." Ex-Governor Lowden broods like Achilles in his tent; but whereas Achilles vocalized through hundreds of hexameters in the best Homeric style, the Illinois statesman, like Brer Rabbit, "ain't sayin' nuthin.'" On the other side, is Mr. McAdoo. Sunning himself in California, playing happily in carnivals and rodeos, he is as eloquent as the Sphinx at midnight. Not a word for his dear friend, "Al"! On the Republican side, again, is President Coolidge. Silence is, of course, a habit with "Cal." Yet he discovers his vocal organs now and then; but not yet for his Ex-Secretary of Commerce. Then there is Mr. Cox, of Ohio. Our readers undoubtedly need to be reminded, along with the rest of the inhabitants of the country, that this Mr. Cox ran for the presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1920. We realize that he may have said something in this present campaign, and the newspapers not have thought his statement of sufficient importance to print even on an inside page. But to the best of our knowledge and experience, he has not opened his lips. And there are others—Senator Norris, who rumbles but never roars; Senator LaFollette, who talks volubly of state issues but never of national; Senator Walsh, who probably finds Montana too far away to say or do anything. What a silence! It is this which undoubtedly explains the unceasing talk-talk-talk of the two National Committee chairmen, Work and Raskob. Politics, like nature, abhors a vacuum. So these two men rush in, and from sunrise to sunset talk unceasingly. Yet the silence continues. For even these say nothing!

It is a healthy thing to find a European who is willing to confess that Europe is to blame for the mess she is in, and America is the real leader of the world for peace. Repeatedly has America challenged Europe to peace, and repeatedly has Europe failed to give response. This cannot be continued "if history is not to blame it (Europe) for having scuttled the cause of world peace at a decisive hour." So writes Count R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*. Twice at least, he continues, Europe has been guilty of the great refusal when real peace was at hand. The first time was when Woodrow Wilson crossed the sea in 1918, and laid down his program for "a durable peace." "At that time," says the Count, "European public opinion should have backed his program with all its strength. It should have supported him so completely that he would have been able to carry his ideals against the opposition of realistic politicians." But it did nothing of the kind; on the contrary, it left the American President "in the lurch." The second time that Europe failed was in the case of the Geneva Protocol. When England and France fell at loggerheads on this occasion, Europe should have forced a decision on the side of peace. The Count may be exaggerating here the real possibilities of peace involved, but he is wholly right in his insistence that Europe has faltered when something might have been done. And now comes a third challenge, the greatest challenge of all—

the Kellogg Outlawry treaties! Does Europe mean business or not? Has she only been playing with the war and peace problem, or does she really propose to get rid of balances of power, and military alliances, and competitive armaments, now that the opportunity is offered? In this, as we have always believed, and as Count Coudenhove-Kalergi agrees, lies the greatest merit of this Outlawry proposal. It is a challenge to Europe to *act*—or to be damned forever. It is because we are convinced that such a challenge cannot be denied, that we are of good hope for the future.

The *Jewish Tribune* (October 12th) describes the events which took place in the Massena affair as "unbelievable." We are inclined to think that our readers will endorse this judgment when they learn the details of these events. It seems that, on September 23rd last, a four-year-old girl of Massena, N. Y., disappeared from her home. A State Trooper, Corporal H. M. McCann, searching for the lost child, suddenly remembered that September 23rd was the Jewish Day of Atonement, and also remembered some story that had come to him to the effect that, on this day, it was a part of the Jewish ritual to use the blood of a Christian child. The Corporal reminded the Mayor of Massena of this story, and was promptly ordered by the horrified official to summon the local rabbi, Berel Brennglass, to police headquarters for interrogation. Rabbi Brennglass arrived, says the *Jewish Tribune,* "to find a mob of several hundred townspeople in whose minds were fomenting the ancient legends which had sent some of their ancestors shrieking with fire and steel to avenge the supposed crime." It was in such an atmosphere and amid such surroundings that this Jewish leader was asked whether the story of the "blood ritual" was true. The rabbi of course indignantly denied the charge, but the State Trooper was not to be denied. What might have happened, with the flames of superstition thus being deliberately kindled no man knows, for at the critical moment the missing child was found. She had wandered off into the nearby woods! But enough was done to show that right here in this country is medievalism, and that for all our education and all our vaunted progress, we are on the edge of horror all the time. This is the sort of thing that our Jewish brethren have endured through the Christian centuries, and this is the sort of thing which they must face even now. What fools we are, and what beasts as well! We think our neighbor, the *Jewish Tribune,* is mild when it says:

> Out of the disappearance of a little girl has grown an incident that combines much of old prejudice and outworn hatreds, much that is purely "Americana," and very little indeed that is worthy of a footnote to the history of civilization.

Business—A Nervous Invalid

A newspaper head-line declares, on the authority of an eminent economist, that American business is a nervous invalid. The man on the street has made the same discovery, though he may be unable to follow the nice diagnosis of the economic physician. There are two or three powerful movements operating in the American economic scheme of things which are checkmating each other. Whatever be the worthiness of each, the combination is vicious. Mr. Going-both-ways cannot get very far, nor can be remain in the same place with a high degree of comfort. There is schism, in other words, in the economic body. Of current tendencies all cannot be right, for they circumvent one another.

We are all for prosperity. Government officials and supporting economists are sure of it. They deploy reams of figures to demonstrate the thesis. A prosperous society should not suffer from unemployment. That is a truism. Therefore there *is* no unemployment! Facts and figures which stare every layman in the face and pinch millions in their tightening grip must be disregarded. They destroy the sweet illusion that we are prosperous. The poor dubs who are walking the streets and drifting from city to city and from section to section must forget their hunger and anxiety, and their families must not complain, for we must be prosperous; the figures show we are. There are large blocks of the population who refuse to believe that there is limitation upon our present prosperity. They really think that a lot of lousy "reds" are stirring up discontent among chronic ne'er-do-wells, simply to make mischief. The mounting totals of production and distribution of commodities, they say, are conclusive. Witness the cheapening of every process of industry, the vastly increased production per man-unit, the perfection of machines in every factory and office, the larger dignity accorded the human unit in that he commands the dumb forces of mechanics by the tick of a key and the easy play of the lever. If this is not prosperity, what is?

The age of the machine doubtless has its glory. It is better to teach metal and wood to drudge than to wear out the soul of human slaves. But, with the lessons of the nineteenth century industrial revolution before our eyes, we cannot be blind in the twentieth century to what the new spurt in the harnessing of mechanical forces implies for the workers. In the end the machine is a good thing. But today we are not at the end. The industrial program, which is speeding up with machinery, with improved transportation, with short-cut processes, with the scientific elimination of waste in motion and materials, is not com-

mensurately speeding up the expansion of human needs and supplies. Machinery has relieved nine farmers and left the tenth to produce more easily what once required the labor of the ten. The nine are making automobiles and building movie theaters and fabricating radio equipment, and contriving the manifold devices of our complex civilization. All to the good, doubtless, or largely enough to the good to justify the new as against the old.

But mechanical invention has outstripped production, and production has outstripped distribution, and distribution has outstripped education, and education is cluttered with dead formulas and shackled in meaningless routine. Our civilization is out of joint, falsely and inefficiently departmentalized. The economist and the sociologist do not know each other. Hunger stalks boldly along highways of prosperity. Gaunt children are tugging at silken skirts. Cheap veneer covers rotten and flawed cores. The evidences of prosperity are not to be denied. Nor are the distressing evidences of unemployment and carking anxiety among millions of workers and professional people to be disregarded. It is exceedingly important to cut out waste, to reduce to the minimum the human effort employed in production of commodities. The present cries out for it and the future commands it. But mergers which turn out skilled workers to idle, machines which compel women and children to starve, the cutting down of costs of production which cuts the heart out of honest and industrious men and women—these are no boon!

Our deepest-seated economic evil is the persistent bleeding of our domestic industry in the interests of foreign investments. If these investments were primarily helping to lift economic levels throughout the rest of the world they would in the end prove a domestic boon. But the exorbitant returns demanded not only bleed our own industries but enslave foreign populations. High American finance turns up its nose at large scale industrial promotions abroad which do not yield at least thirty per cent annually, and the constant aim is for a higher rate still, running into many hundreds of per cent. Thus, instead of using our domestic industrial surpluses at a reasonable 5 and 6%, further to develop industries which will employ the multitudes released by labor-saving economies, this surplus is flowing out into enterprises abroad of which the best which can be said for much is that it is exploitation. It is the kind of business which inspires our industrial magnates to shout for the big navy, so dear to the hearts of our bureaus of admirals and generals. The excessive returns demanded from many of these foreign investments will, indeed, demand a stronger and stronger navy to collect. The marine corps will have to be enlarged considerably if the "devil-dogs" make good with the bosses who are using them. At the close of the war these American investments abroad were negligible. Already they have mounted to over thirteen billions, exclusive of the ten billions which foreign governments owe the United States government. 1927 contributed over a billion and a half to this total. The movement progresses right merrily during the present year of national disgrace.

But this process cannot continue indefinitely. Neither foreign populations nor our own industrial society can endure the double strain. Our financiers are killing the American goose which lays their golden eggs abroad. American industry is a nervous invalid. It is in the hands of the old-fashioned doctor who knows only bleeding as the remedy for all ailments. The patient is already in a debilitated condition. Apparently all our industrial doctors know how to do is to draw more blood. They would better feed the patient.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

Governor's Smith's trip through the South would seem to indicate that he may carry a few of the states below the Mason and Dixon line. Herbert Hoover's Boston speech also indicates that the Republican candidate has a chance to carry the New England states. Perhaps this campaign is not going to be so queer, after all.

A "Follies" beauty has recently taken as her fourth husband a man by the name of Reno. The end of this marriage seems already to be in sight.

The captain of the Yale football team suffered a severe injury the other day. He fell off his chair while studying, and badly bruised his head and neck. We are amazed that an athlete, holding so responsible a position, should have taken such a risk as to sit down in a chair and study.

When Governor Smith went West on his first trip, the betting was 13 to 6 in favor of Hoover; when he returned, it was 17 to 6 in favor of Hoover. When Governor Smith went South and West on his second trip, the betting was 3 to 1 in favor of Hoover; when he returned, it was 4 to 1 in favor of Hoover. This bears out the popular impression that Governor Smith is an effective campaigner.

Three novels this fall deal with Moses, Samson, and David respectively. We had not realized before that the Old Testament is so popular!

How many voters in New York State will vote for Franklin Roosevelt (Democratic candidate for governor) on the supposition that he is Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Republican? Enough, we believe, to elect him.

J. H. H.

Why I Shall Vote for Foster*

Those who are unalterably opposed to the Capitalist system, and who wish it erased to make way for a humane and creative social system, can vote in this campaign either for Norman Thomas or William Z. Foster.

I shall vote for Foster, because I sincerely believe the Communist movement which he represents has become the sole inheritor of all the genuine proleterian rebellion that is left in this country.

The Socialist Party has, for opportunistic reasons, permitted itself to drift into an impasse. It is now openly allied with the corrupt politicians who dominate the American Federation of Labor, for one thing. It has also watered down its political platform until there is little difference between the Socialist Party and such progressives as LaFollette or W. R. Hearst.

I acknowledge the place of progressivism in our political life. It is a necessary transition, a bridge from the old Tory parties for thousands of disillusioned voters.

But I believe equally in the power and necessity of a minority group that dedicates itself to the clearcut concept that there must be a new social order, and that never rests in its perpetual campaign to spread this idea among the masses.

The Communist Party uses a political campaign entirely for propaganda purposes. It does not make the Socialist or Progressive mistake of telling the voters that palliatives such as state ownership of water power would have any real effect on the tragic life of the working class.

It tells them the truth; that no opportunistic or liberal program can help them at present; that a great deep extreme overturn is needed; that voting itself is a lie; and that Communists vote only to get men into congress to expose the evils of capitalism more effectively—not to help the governing class govern more skilfully and smoothly.

I know many UNITY readers will think voting for such a program is a vote wasted. Most Americans think it is political shrewdness to vote for the possible winner, especially if he has a faint aroma of "liberalism."

I do not want to convince anyone that this voting for Smith or Hoover seems to me all tragic waste, blindness, suicide and folly. I will only point out this fact: another World War is coming within the next ten years. It will be more inclusive and frightful than the last. Try to prevent it; all our efforts are sure to be futile.

We can only wait for the revolutions that are sure to come out of it; wait, and organize, not for power control, but for a worker's world.

It is a terrible logic; but my mind refuses to see any other. I simply can't get excited about power control or prohibition. And I simply can't believe it is wise or honest to tell the workers that either of these issues is important, when before us all looms the specter of the next World War.

The Socialists were unprepared for the last war. Their International cracked at the first earthquake shock, like some flimsy Hollywood set. The Communists, I think, are building on stronger foundations. A vote for Foster, it seems to me, is a brick for this building that will be our only fort against the next World War.

MICHAEL GOLD.*

*Fourth and last in a series of articles on the presidential candidates.—Ed.

*Editor of the "New Masses."

Perception

See you not God in the friend
That greets you with a smile?
See you not God in the foe
Who would wither you with a frown?
Hear you not God in the laugh
That your saddest mood can beguile?
Hear you not God in the storm
That dashes your castle down?

Scent you not God in the flower
That breathes out its soul at your feet?
Scent you not God in the stench
Of the sweating toilers' brawl?
Taste you not God in the fruit
That yields you its juices sweet?
Taste you not God in the dregs
Of the cup that is bitter as gall?

Feel you not God in the touch
Of hands that soothe and caress?
Feel you not God in the sting
Of the wound from His chastening rod?
May not sight and hearing and scent
And taste and touch impress
On the heart that All are One,
The first as the last with God?

DOMBEY SHEPHERD.

Canadian Statesmen and Naval Disarmament

No speech at the session of the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva in September made a more profound impression or rendered more distinct service than that of Premier Mackenzie-King of Canada in the debate on Disarmament. The thing in it which chiefly stirred the Assembly was its appeal to the unfortified frontier between Canada and the United States to enforce the point that the best defense is no defense at all. This old story here proved curiously to be a new and startling story to many there. It is such an old story to us, with the situation so completely taken for granted for a century, that we are almost oblivious of its immense significance. It was a brave and epoch-making thing when the sensible men in control of the two governments at the close of our last war with England decided upon it. There were forts all along the line, a dozen or more near Niagara alone, and the Lakes full of gun-boats; but all were swept away, and for a century there has not been a soldier or a fort, a gunboat or a gun, along the whole 3,000 miles frontier. If they had been there, in half a dozen critical emergencies there would have been collision and possibly war; but they were not there, and so there has been peace and order and safety all along the line. It has been the one absolutely safe frontier in the world, precisely because entirely unguarded. Why not a Rush-Bagot agreement for our Mexican border? Why not for the frontier between France and Germany? Why not for the Seven Seas? Why not especially for the naval relations of the United States and Great Britain?

The wisdom of Mr. Mackenzie-King's contention and the folly of the old dictum that the way to preserve peace is to prepare for war was effectually shown in 1914. If big armaments constitute defense, there would have been no European war. Never were nations so thoroughly armed; every one of them was an armed camp. They were completely "prepared for war," and they got what they prepared for, as people generally do. Their "defense" was their undoing. If they had comported themselves like gentlemen instead of carrying guns there would have been no trouble.

Yet even Mr. Hoover fell into the mournful old lingo in his acceptance speech. "In an armed world there is only one certain guarantee of freedom and safety, and that is preparedness for defense. We must not only be just; we must be respected,"—by which he meant feared. The two things that have earned real respect for us from the nations in this time have been Woodrow Wilson's founding of the League of Nations and the Kellogg treaties renouncing war as a national policy.

The Canadian Premier's wholesome point was developed with peculiar force and clarity by Senator Raoul Dendurand, Government leader in the Canadian Senate, in an interview in Paris on October 6. Senator Dendurand has been Mr. Mackenzie-King's associate this autumn in the Geneva Assembly, of which at a former session he served as President. He is one of the ablest statesmen of Canada; and he spoke on Saturday with the approval of the Premier. The concurrent words and action of the two statesmen are of the highest significance.

Useful results in Disarmament efforts at Geneva, said Senator Dendurand, "cannot be hoped for unless Great Britain and the United States agree on a formula for an appreciable reduction in naval armaments. We cannot understand why an agreement should not be reached between the two great English-speaking peoples allowing that their fleets, instead of being opposed in naval competition, should be conjoined in the sole desire of assuring the peace of the world."

This goes to the root of the world's whole naval problem. It is a notable expression of the new international spirit which alone has in it relish of salvation, in contrast with the still perversive, paralyzing and false nationalism which to this hour has proved so devastating and has now brought the nations, under the new conditions, to an *impasse*.

The Kellogg treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy will, if generally signed, Senator Dendurand recognizes, bring about a certain sense of security; but the League statesmen realize that it is "indissolubly bound to the question of Disarmament." "All the statesmen at Geneva are giving profound thought to the question of disarmament, and are looking with anxious eyes to London and Washington." He felt that the problem had not been approached from the right angle, and agreed with Ramsey Macdonald, the former British premier, that at the bottom the question between Great Britain and the United States is one of maritime law. "If this is the plain, simple truth," he asked, "why not look it in the face?"

The outspoken opinions of the Canadian statesmen command peculiar consideration from the people of the United States. Politically and socially Canada is as close to us as to Great Britain. We understand each other; and she is a natural mediator. Never was a sillier argument against the League of Nations than that common in 1920 that the admission of Canada, Australia and Ireland to the League with separate votes would practically give Great Britain a bloc of votes as against our one if we joined the League. Every sensible man knew well that their very conditions would in emergencies and possible collisions range them on our side quite as often as on Britain's; and so it has proved.

By striking coincidence, this question of the naval relations of England and the United States is the theme both of the dispatch cabled to the New York *Times* the day after Senator Dendurand spoke in Paris by Allen Raymond, the head of the *Times'* London staff, and of Frank Simonds in his weekly letter in the Boston *Herald* the same day. Mr. Simonds discusses it in connection with the Anglo-French naval understanding, which he thinks has poisoned the international atmosphere. It was "an attempt of overcleverness on the part of the essentially stupid men." He thinks we should not take it too seriously; it is a move of the navy group and not the English people. "This navy group," he says, "are essentially 'last ditchers,' and for them British naval supremacy is the very foundation of British imperial existence. It would be a mistake to assume that the mass of the British people are in any sense behind this combination"; and there is "great and general bewilderment at the whole Anglo-American naval imbroglio. There is, too, just as wide-spread wonderment over the apparent demand of the United States for a naval strength which seems to British eyes to be without warrant." The moral drawn by Mr. Simonds is that "there is every reason why the people of the United States should not permit present

exasperation to hurry them into a program of naval construction which would insure open competition."

Mr. Raymond's dispatch is the more important, and comes to closer grips with the issue. His point of departure is the new book by Vice-Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond on "National Policy and Naval Strength." The World War taught the British Admiralty the costly futility of international competition in naval construction. If it becomes a question of money, Britain recognizes that we can wear her out. But while she cannot afford to build larger types of warships, she would be forced to do so by another power's initiative. Sea power is still regarded as the only sure foundation of British security; and Britain's "peculiar form of warfare," says the Admiral flatly, "is waged inevitably by arbitrary control of neutral shipping in time of war. The Empire must in times of war be able to control so far as it desires all vessels afloat.

Here is the immemorial antagonism between British and American sea policy, from the time when Franklin and Jefferson after the Revolution declared for the immunity of all private property at sea in time of war, and the principle was embodied in our treaty with Prussia in 1785, down to Joseph Choate's masterly reassertion of the principle at the Second Hague Conference.

Yet Mr. Raymond declares that "the overwhelming majority of the leaders and the governors of the British people want an agreement with the United States so that they may slash naval expenditures." The difficulty is primarily the same as in the limitation of land armaments by France. "Britain, like France, is a nation in the grip of fear—fear of starvation from the sea as France is in fear of invasions by land." "Security and food!" says Mr. Raymond. "That is the only naval question in which the British nation is interested. And despite the League of Nations, despite Locarno, despite the Kellogg Pact, Britain does not feel that her food supply is secure without an unbeatable navy."

With the terrible memories of the four years of the World War still fresh, who can blame her or wonder at her? It is a thing which we have never been compelled to contemplate; and Americans unfamiliar with England can never realize what it means to the English people. In an almost unending war, we could feed ourselves. England has never three months' food, and is absolutely dependent upon open and safe sea routes. For us to claim naval parity with Great Britain is groundless and wanton, even if the British Empire had not double our coast line to protect. Have we no sense of proportion, and no chivalry?

Yet Ramsey Macdonald told the Labor Conference at Birmingham that he considered Europe had made sufficient progress towards security to enable Britain to cut her navy drastically. Our own security, as Charles E. Hughes has recently so impressively declared, is practically absolute, with no menace from any other power or any possible combination of powers. Yet does any American statesman in power or striving for power speak with that English accent? President Coolidge seems won over to the big navy program; Mr. Hoover's word in his acceptance speech was most conventional and perfunctory; and Governor Smith is silent. Only the most energetic expression of public opinion will secure the defeat of a great building program next winter as it did last winter. The big navy group are undoubtedly going to work for the postponement of the ratification of the Paris Pact until after they get several hundred million dollars for new warships.

Mr. Raymond's last word is this: "Conferences of Admirals, American and British, as methods of obtaining real naval limitation between the two countries, are absurd and hopeless. The problem is political, not technical. It is this: How can the British nation be assured of security of her food supply without maintaining the world's greatest navy, and the United States be assured of the security of sea-borne commerce without building a larger navy? That question, if solved at all, will be solved by statesmen, not naval experts." That is precisely the situation; and last year in a lecture at Geneva I heard General Maurice of the British army, so well known here in America, say precisely the same thing.

The question has got to be solved, or international progress and especially the good relations of England and America are blocked. The big navies have now become a graver menace to mankind than the pirates who infested the Mediterranean and the Atlantic at the beginning of the last century and whom our government uniting with the governments of Europe swept from the sea. They are the chief remaining emblems and tools of barbarism, and advertise our inefficiency. Their monstrous costs has become a burden upon the peoples which cannot be borne, and it is a useless cost. The ratio of 100 to 100 is the same as that of a 1,000 to 1,000; and all ratios should be dispensed with in behalf of reason. The unguarded Canadian frontier points the way; and the Canadian statesmen are to be thanked for their brave and timely effort to bring us all to our senses. Their suggestion that Britain and the United States substitute for their great rival navies a small joint naval police force is in the right direction. To side-track jealousies, it should be an international force, under the control of the League of Nations, with which our Government should co-operate for the special purpose until we are ready to take our rightful and responsible place in the organized family of nations.

The points urged by the Canadian statesmen are strikingly illuminated by Norman Angell in a long and able article in the October number of the English *Foreign Affairs,* in an article devoted largely to the Kellogg peace treaties. I quote two or three brief passages:

> It is my firm conviction (says Mr. Angell), that if the great states of the world were simply to disarm, to scrap the whole paraphernalia, deliberately deprive themselves of any means of war for any purpose whatever, that would be the completest and most satisfactory solution of the whole trouble. We should all have greater security than we have ever known. But we may go farther. The nation which disarmed without waiting for the others to do so would incur less risks than it incurs by armament competition. The citizens of unarmed Germany have greater security for the realities of life—personal freedom of her citizens, social development, economic organization, liberal culture—than they had when their country impersonated the mailed fist. Such are the facts.

Recognizing that what he believes desirable is not likely to come in a hurry, Mr. Angell urges that the right policy now is:

> common, cooperative international defence as a substitute for individual, national armaments; some means of duplicating for nations the system which we have in all written history been compelled to apply to the society of persons, a system by which the pooled power of the whole community stands behind some agreed code of rights to be applied impartially to all, the defence of each member being the common obligation of

the whole. As the way out, and it is the only way out, the League says: "So long as armaments exist they shall be pooled for the purpose of security to each member of the international community for certain primary rights, particularly the right to third-party judgment. Armaments shall be used for one purpose only, to prevent an individual using his own force to impose his individual will. It is to transform power from an instrument of anarchic self-will to a social instrument, to do internationally what has been done within the state. To say that this is no improvement upon the old order is equivalent to saying that the police are no better than foot-pads because both use bludgeons.

Mr. Angell illustrates from our American principle and usage, finding in one federation of states an analogy for the federation of nations:

If when the American constitution was being formed the federal government had not assumed the obligation to defend the states it could never have written into the Constitution the clause which forbids the individual states to maintain navies and armies.

In the federation of the world the right of that federation to defend any constituent part would no more be questioned than "the right of the government at Washington to defend California from an incursion of Mexicans or Japanese."

A large group of prominent British journalists recently visited this country by invitation of the Carnegie Peace Endowment, in the interest of international good will, and especially for good understanding between our two countries. Our own journalists warmly welcomed them. Their leader said in Boston that they were here among other purposes, "to do what they can to convince the American public of the error of the idea that England is trying to put something over on America." He clearly had in mind the foolish hubbub over the naval situation. These welcome Englishmen on their noble errand were assured that no sensible American needs any assurance on the point; as they might also be assured that here as in England it is not the people who are behind the big navy craze, but mainly jockeying politicians and the naval "last ditchers."

The English journalists came during the presidential campaign in order that they might incidentally have opportunity to study American political methods. It were to be wished that they had chosen another time, because we do not now show at our best. Even as a presidential campaign the present is peculiarly depressing and insignificant, with neither party standing for any great principle or distinctive policy, as against the other. It accuses us that at a crisis like this in the world's history the most powerful nation in the world should hold a great national election with no regard or reference to the world's commanding interests. Earnest American men and women trust that our European friends will not view this as a representative phenomenon, but be assured that undeclamatory millions are little concerned about the percentage of alcohol in their drink and are profoundly concerned to see this nation of Jefferson and Sumner take its place beside the nation of Cobden and Gladstone in the service of the commanding cause of our time, that cause so dear to those great English and American statesmen and their illustrious associates, is the banishing of navies and armies and war from the world through the firm establishment in law of the great principle that above all nations is humanity.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Brookline, Mass.

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART V—CHAPTERS IV AND V

Shantiniketan

From Rajkot I proceeded to Shantiniketan. The teachers and students overwhelmed me with affection, The reception was a beautiful combination of simplicity, art and love. It was here I met Kakasaheb Kalelkar for the first time.

I did not know then why Kalelkar was called "Kakasaheb." But I learned later on that Sjt. Keshavrao Deshpande, who was a contemporary and a close friend of mine in England, and who had conducted a school in the Baroda state called "Ganganath Vidyalaya," had given the teachers family names with a view to investing the Vidyalaya with a family atmosphere. Sjt. Kalelkar, who was a teacher there, came to be called "Kaka" (lit. paternal uncle), Phadke was called "Mama" (lit. maternal uncle) and Harihar Sharma received the name "Anna" (lit. brother). Others also got similar names. Anandanand (Swami) as Kaka's friend and Patwardhan (Appa) as Mama's friend later joined the family, and all in course of time, one after another, became my co-workers. Sjt. Deshpande himself used to be called "Saheb." When the Vidyalaya had to be dissolved, the family also broke up, but they never gave up their spiritual relationship or their assumed names.

Kaksasaheb went out to gain experiences of different institutions, and at the time I went to Shantiniketan he happened to be there. Chintaman Shastri, belonging to the same fraternity, was there also. Both helped there in teaching Sanskrit.

The Phoenix family had been assigned separate quarters at Shantiniketan. Maganlal Gandhi was at their head and he had made it his busines to see that all the rules of the Phoenix Ashram should be scrupulously observed. I saw that by dint of his love, knowledge and perseverance he had made his fragrance felt in the whole of Shantiniketan.

Andrews was there, and also Pearson. Amongst the Bengali teachers we came in fairly close contact with were Jagadanandbabu, Nepalbabu, Santoshbabu, Khitimohanbabu, Naginbabu, Shradbabu and Kalibabu.

As is my wont, I quickly mixed with the teachers and students, and engaged them in a discussion on self-help. I put it to the teachers that if they and the

boys dispensed with the services of paid cooks and cooked their food themselves, it would enable the teachers to control the kitchen from the point of view of the boys' physical and moral health, and it would afford to the students an object-lesson in self-help. One or two of them were inclined to shake their heads. Some of them strongly approved of the proposal. The boys welcomed it, if only because of their instinctive taste for novelty. So we launched the experiment. When I invited the Poet to express his opinion, he said that he did not mind it provided the teachers were favorable. To the boys he said, "The experiment contains the key to Swaraj."

Pearson began to wear away his body in making the experiment a success. He threw himself into it with zest. A batch was formed to cut vegetables, another to clean the grain, and so on. Nabinbabu and others undertook to see to the sanitary cleaning of the kitchen and its surroundings. It was a delight to me to see them working spade in hand.

But it was too much to expect the hundred and twenty-five boys with their teachers to take to this work of physical labor like fish to water. There used to be daily discussions. Some began early to show fatigue. But Pearson was not the man to be tired. One would always find him with his smiling face doing something or other in or about the kitchen. He had taken upon himself the cleaning of the bigger utensils. A party of students played on their *sitar* before this cleaning party in order to beguile the tedium of the operation. All alike took the thing up with zest and Shantiniketan became a busy hive.

Changes like these when once begun always develop. The Phoenix party's kitchen was not only a self-conducted one, but the food cooked in it was of the simplest. Condiments were eschewed. Rice, *dal,* vegetables and even wheat flour were all cooked at one and the same time in a steam-cooker. And Shantiniketan boys started a similar kitchen with a view of introducing reform in the Bengali kitchen. One or two teachers and some students ran this kitchen.

The experiment was, however, dropped after some time. I am of opinion that the famous institution lost nothing by having conducted the experiment for a brief interval, and some of the experiences gained could not but be of help to the teachers.

I had intended to stay at Shantiniketan for some time, but fate had willed it otherwise. I had hardly been there a week when I received from Poona a telegram about Gokhale's death. Shantiniketan was immersed in grief. All the members came over to me to express their condolences. A special meeting was called in the Ashram temple to mourn the national loss. It was a solemn function. The same day I left for Poona with my wife and Magalal. All the rest stayed at Shantiniketan.

Andrews accompanied me up to Burdwan. "Do you think," he asked me, "that a time will come for Satyagraha in India? And if so, have you any idea when it will come?"

"It is difficult to say," said I. "For one year I am to do nothing. For Gokhale took from me a promise that I would travel in India to gain experience and express no opinion on public questions until I have finished the period of probation. Even after the year is over, I will be in no hurry to speak, and pronounce opinions. And so I do not suppose there will be any occasion for Satyagraha for five years or so."

I may note in this connection that Gokdale used to laugh at some of my ideas in *Hind Swaraj (Indian Home Rule)* and say: "After you have stayed a year in India, your views will correct themselves."

Woes of Third Class Passengers

At Burdwan we came face to face with the hardships that a third class passenger has to go through even in securing his ticket. "Third class tickets are not booked so early," we were told. I went to the Station Master, though that, too, was a difficult business. Some one kindly directed me to where he was and I represented to him our difficulty. He also made the same reply. As soon as the booking window opened, I went to purchase the tickets. But it was no easy thing to get them. Might was right and passengers who were forward and indifferent to others coming one after another continued to push me out. I was therefore about the last of the first crowd to get the ticket.

The train arrived, and getting into it was another trial. There was a free exchange of abuse and pushes between passengers already in the train and those trying to get in. We ran up and down the platform, but were everywhere met with the same reply: "No room here." I went to the guard. He said, "You must try to get in where you can or take the next train."

"But I have urgent business," I respectfully replied. He had no time to listen to me. I was disconcerted. I told Maganlal to get in wherever possible, and I got into an inter-class compartment with my wife. The guard saw us getting it. At Asansol station he came to charge us excess fares. I said to him:

"It was your duty to find us room. We could not get any and so we are sitting here. If you can accommodate us in a third class compartment, we shall be only too glad to go there."

"You may not argue with me," said the guard. "I cannot accommodate you. You must pay the excess fare, or get out."

I wanted to reach Poona somehow. I was not, therefore, prepared to fight the guard so I paid the excess fare he demanded, *i. e.,* up to Poona. But I resented the injustice.

In the morning we reached Mogalsarai. Maganlal had managed to get a seat in the third class where I now shifted. I acquainted the ticket examiner with all the facts, and asked him to give me a certificate to the effect that I had shifted to a third class compartment at Mogalsarai. This he declined to do. I applied to the railway authorities for redress, and got a reply to this effect: "It is not our practice to refund excess fares without the production of a certificate, but we make an exception in your case. It is not possible, however, to refund the excess fare from Burdwan to Mogalsarai."

Since this I have had experiences of third class traveling which, if I wrote them all down, would easily fill a volume. But I can only touch on them casually in these chapters. It has been and always will be my profound regret that physical incapacity should have compelled me to give up third class traveling.

The woes of third class passengers are undoubtedly due to the high-handedness of railway authorities. But

the rudeness, dirty habits, selfishness and ignorance of the passengers themselves are no less to blame. The pity is that they often do not realize that they are behaving ill, dirtily or selfishly. They believe that everything they do is in the natural way. All this may be traced to the indifference towards them of us "educated" people.

We reached Kalyan dead tired. Maganlal and I got some water from the station water-pipe and had our bath. As I was proceeding to arrange for my wife's bath, Sjt. Kaul of the Servants of India Society recognizing us came up. He, too, was going to Poona. He offered to take my wife to the second class bath room. I hesitated to accept the courteous offer. I knew that my wife had no right to avail herself of the second class bath room, but I ultimately connived at the impropriety. This I know does not become a votary of truth. Not that my wife was eager to use the bath room, but a husband's partiality for his wife got the better of his partiality for truth. The face of truth is hidden behind the golden veil of *maya*, says the Upanishad.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

Lawyers' Ethics

Are there any? There used to be. But did they not pass away when the legal profession was swallowed up by business?

That change began in the late 1860's and early 1870's, when I was studying for the New York bar. I could see evidences of it, but did not understand. By way of ethical training my preceptors had given me a book of anecdotes about lawyers, and one of those anecdotes doubtless blinded me to the great change that was even then in process. Very impressively does that anecdote suggest the spirit of legal ethics before the legal profession became a commercial business.

It related to a famous member of the New York bar in the early 1800's. One of his best clients had handed him a legal process with instructions to defend. "What is the defense?" the lawyer asked. "Statute of limitations," the client answered. "I mean the substantial defense," the lawyer added. "Isn't that substantial enough?" the client questioned.

Then the lawyer took the floor, inspired by the professional ethics of his generation. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you owe this money except for the statute of limitations?"

"I suppose so," was the client's response.

Then the lawyer indignantly returned the process to his client—that lawyer of the old ethical days of legal practice to his wealthy client—as he sternly said:

> I'll have you to understand, sir, that the statute of limitations was not enacted to enable any one to escape a just claim; it was enacted to protect just men from unjust claims after evidence has been lost by lapse of time. Take back your process in this case and withdraw all your other papers from my office. I want no more of your business.

This old-time anecdote illustrates only one principle of legal ethics that has been buried in business customs. A few years ago in Chicago several men were to be tried upon accusation of a vicious crime. If they were guilty, they got no more than under our laws they deserved when they were hanged. All the same, they were entitled by old-time legal ethics to the services of lawyers to protect such rights as they had. For any lawyer to refuse those services would, by old-time legal ethics, have been what the refusal of a physician to serve a dangerously sick man would have been in medical ethics. It would have been the reverse of the action of Benjamin F. Butler when assigned by the court to defend a tramp charged with killing Butler's own best friend, for Butler, after "begging off" without success, defended the accused and secured a verdict of acquittal. But those Chicago men at the criminal bar upon homicidal accusations could get the services of no member of the Chicago bar qualified by study and practice to serve in such a case. Lawyers were afraid of hurting their practice.

The accused could have got no lawyer to defend them if it had not been that a civil law practitioner of high standing and ability was old enough at the bar to have been saturated with legal ethics of the old variety. He defended these accused men, not because he wished to nor from any sympathy with the kind of crime with which they were charged, but because it was his ethical duty as a lawyer to do so. In consequence his regular law practice was, through no fault of his own, but through lack of a public sense of legal ethics, completely ruined.

In place of its old-time ethics, the legal profession has substituted the ethics of business custom.

Let no one infer that I am any breed of pessimist. On the contrary, I am a long-distance optimist. In the matter of legal ethics I firmly believe that a time is coming—it may be a long way off—when the legal profession will rise superior to mere business considerations.

Even now, lawyers insist that on the whole they are not as bad as their clients. I shouldn't wonder if that is true. How well I remember my gratitude for an after-dinner speech of a leader of the New York bar several years ago, a man who afterward became Governor of the State, in the course of which he said something like this:

> You business men talk glibly about the tricks of lawyers; but if you only knew how many and what kind of tricks their clients want them to play and they refuse, you would have a higher opinion of lawyers, whatever you might think of clients.

I say that I look forward to a time when the legal profession will sincerely worship at the shrine of a system of professional ethics as far above the old system as the old one was above the present one. The chief reason for my confidence is the fact that women are coming into the profession in growing numbers—women who bring to both bar and bench not only brains, but also instinctive and insistent devotion to moral principle.

LOUIS F. POST.

Trails

Up many a trail I've toiled
To see what lay ahead:
Mountains and vales and plains,
A trail that onward led.

Yes, life were dull indeed
If we might never climb—
Death is itself a trail
Over the ridge of Time!

—*Charles G. Branden.*

The Study Table

A Study of Jesus

Mr. Leonard reprints this book* as a protest against and antidote for such studies of the life of Jesus as Papini's "Life of Christ" and Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows." It is especially as "an answer" to the latter, which he savagely characterizes in his "Foreword for 1928" as a "sordid book . . . an obscene book" that he brings his own "obscure little book" back to public attention. For "The Poet of Galilee" was written and published in 1909 when its author was unknown and before the contemporary furore over biographies of the Nazarene had begun. It therefore "never circulated very widely," as the author himself admits, and had long since dropped out of print.

As Mr. Leonard resurveys this work of his youth, he sees certain things that he would do differently if he were writing the book today. This is inevitable, for every serious book is a record of a man's own progress on the highway of truth. But he has done well to attempt no corrections, to indulge in no re-writings, but to let the work speak again in all the freshness of those early days of Mr. Leonard's life when his heart was first touched and then deeply stirred by the wonder of the Nazarene. For the book, just as it stands, is a beautiful piece of work, and now republished at a most auspicious time, may well not be forgotten again, but take permanent place in the literature about Jesus.

Himself a poet, and a great poet, William Ellery Leonard not unnaturally sees the Nazarene as a poet also. He thus undertakes to present not the story of Jesus' life, least of all an interpretation of Jesus' thought and teachings, but the inner substance of the man. The text of his discourse, if it may be called such, is the familiar query, "Who do men say that I am?" This Mr. Leonard would answer—that Jesus is primarily and fundamentally a poet of luminous vision, lofty feeling, and noble speech. He was "a soul more momentous than Socrates or Dante."

It is from this standpoint, as "the Poet of the Galilean Lake," that Jesus is described in these reverent and not seldom exalted pages as "the observer" of life in all its myriad ways in Palestine, as "the lover" of nature and of men, as "the seer" who penetrated to the secrets of men's hearts, as "the man of sorrows," as "the scourger" of hypocrisy and sham, as "the humorist," the "story-teller," and the man of inspired speech. Especially valuable is a concluding chapter on the "hero of folk-lore," in which is suggested what later generations did to the person of Jesus in the way of transforming history into myth, reality into ideality. Mr. Leonard thinks today that he allowed too much of this "factitious luminosity from the Christ-ideal" to creep into his pages. He is certain that he underestimated "the mysticism in this Poet of Galilee, as the well-spring of his self-reliance, of his splendid nonconformity in both creative living and creative speech." This is true, as are certain other points of criticism which the author presses against himself more vigorously than any reviewer would do. Just because Mr. Leonard is thus so honestly and courageously objective about his work, it is the reviewer's business to emphasize the essential worth and beauty of this volume.

"The Poet of Galilee" is ably done. It is written in a style which is always restrained and yet not infrequently in itself true poetry. It is based on ample scholarship. Infused with admiration and reverence, it never turns sentiment into sentimentality and never confuses reality with superstition. Placed side by side with Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows," as Mr. Leonard would have it placed, it takes on the richness and nobility of a lovely canvas as contrasted with the sheer ugliness and vulgarity of a cartoon-comic. "I was wrong in being ashamed of it," says Mr. Leonard, referring to his later reaction on the first publication of his book. Wrong, indeed! Let him now atone for this misjudgment by being proud of the fine work that he has done.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Poet of Galilee," by William Ellery Leonard. Published by the Viking Press. $2.

Gandhi's Autobiography

There is need for a full critical study of the life and teaching of the Mahatma, for we have little more at present than slight tributes from disciples and admirers; M. Romain Rolland's short, well-written study, and Herr Fulop Miller's comparison of "Lenin and Gandhi." A proper understanding of the Mahatma requires a knowledge of India possessed by neither of these foreign observers. It is for some competent author with this equipment to estimate the voluminous material of Gandhi's own speeches and writings.

For the most part this material is scattered over Indian newspaper files, and in particular in his two weekly papers. To his Gujarati *Navajivan* he has been contributing over a long period autobiographical articles subsequently translated into his *Young India*. He has consented to publication in book form under the title of "The Story of My Experiments with Truth," and the first volume, published at his press at Ahmedabad, is available. It has not been sent to newspapers in this country for review, but I understand that rights have been secured for an edition to be published in London.

Mr. Gandhi was last in England when the Great War broke out, being on his way back to India from South Africa. Though a prominent figure on account of the selfless determination with which he had led the Indians of the Union in passive resistance to the disabilities they suffered, he was not widely known outside circles interested in Indian affairs. The influence he then exercised on his own countrymen was in no way comparable with that of the great political reformer, G. K. Gokhale, of whom he writes with reverent appreciation. But in the dissatisfaction which, from causes both economic and political, overspread India, soon after the end of the War he became the outstanding figure in his native land.

M. Rolland minimizes the Reformation and much else when he writes that Gandhi "has introduced into human politics the strongest religious impetus of the last 2,000 years." Numerically considered, however, his influence on the minds of men was for a time greater than that of any contemporary figure. Not only the *intelligentsia*, but the masses of India were profoundly moved by the man and his teaching. He was and is reverenced deeply and truly for his religious personality. But after his imprisonment (1922-24) his political power suffered eclipse, and while many of his

worshippers apparently accept his proposals, they do not act upon them.

The autobiography makes clear the dominance of religious thought in Gandhi's mind, and the quite secondary place of politics. He writes that his experiments in the political field have not much value for him; his purpose is to narrate his experiments in the spiritual field from which, as he acutely observes, he has derived his power in the political system. There is the authentic tone of the mystic of every age and clime in his remark that if the experiments are really spiritual there can be no room for self-praise: they can only add to his humility. Like Paul in his maturity, Gandhi is deeply conscious at sixty that he has not already attained. He writes that he lives and moves and has his being in pursuit of the goal for which he has been striving and pining for thirty years—"of self-realization, to see God face to face, to attain *moksha*" (salvation). . . .

Broadly speaking, the experiments Gandhi describes are those of subduing the flesh to the spirit. But he is not content to follow St. Paul in the tolerance of recognizing that many things may be lawful though not expedient. He shows a marked tendency, despite his sincere expressions of humility, to raise his own individual prejudices to the dignity of a universal law, and to regard acceptance of his dietetic and other theories as essential not only to the success of his own quest for salvation, but as the only way for all those who would attain.

Repeatedly he has undertaken prolonged fasts by way of penance for the excesses and follies which have resulted (against his will) from his condemnation of a "Satanic" Government. Again and again he has come near to wrecking his health by sparseness of diet. Some nine years ago, when a valued European friend warned him that he looked as if he were starving himself again, the Mahatma told him in tones of strong conviction that he was quite mistaken, for he was living bountifully on two bananas and half-a-pint of goat's milk daily!

As with most visionaries, it is difficult to reconcile many of the opinions Gandhi expresses with the known facts of his life. The autobiography makes more, rather than less, perplexing the enigma of the author's personality. Perhaps the chief conclusion to be drawn is that in the East the ascetic ideal exercises a sway over the minds of millions which has little or no counterpart in the modern standards of the West.

—London *Observer*

Correspondence

Mr. Hoover!

Editor of UNITY:

Having read with keenest interest, my good friend Mr. McAfee's reasons for supporting Mr. Hoover, and realizing the prophetic character of your paper, to which I have previously referred, I wonder if I might be given an opportunity (with all due modesty) of making a prophecy.

While I believe Mr. Hoover will be our next President, and while I *hope* all of Mr. McAfee's predictions and hopes may come true, yet I believe it will be demonstrated that his administration will be just another "regular" administration, with the good and the bad, generally speaking, that we have had under the Wilson and the Coolidge regimes, including nullification of the Prohibition laws and also more "indulgence in jingoism" in order to curry favor with the "powers that be" on the subject of military preparedness etc., which "tacit connivance" (shall I say?) it seems to me, strengthens my point, to be made later on, as to the political independence of Mr. Hoover.

My thought is this—how can Mr. Hoover possibly hope for success at the polls, if he does not "play the game?" He surely must have both dry and wet votes, for example, to insure his election.

And, after all, is it not true that, under our system of "government by political parties," a man—*politically*—is no better than his party, and his party no better than the worst interest it serves to carry an election?

Incidentally, I might add that Mr. Hoover, as a cabinet member, it seems to me, had another alternative than those mentioned by Mr. McAfee, in connection with the oil scandal. He need not have pointed the finger of scorn and "called names," nor have "tip-toed" out of the room, but he might have said "there's something rotten in Denmark" and, gentlemen, let's find it out; and, had he received no evidence of any disposition to co-operate, to this end, he might have resigned and, in an open letter to the President, might have made his reasons perfectly clear. While this might have precluded the possibility of Mr. McAfee's having the opportunity to vote for him, yet I am inclined to believe that, had there been any appreciable desire, on the part of such splendid citizens as Mr. McAfee, to secure the services of such an unusual man as he believes Mr. Hoover to be, Mr. Hoover would have been nominated by some such group as that which supported Senator La Follette, four years ago. This, too, emphasizes the very point that I have made and shows conclusively, it seems to me, that one should not vote for *men*—be they good or bad—but rather for *principles*.

Of course, if we admit the wisdom of the two party system, any thoughtful voter *must* find some "alibi" to justify his vote for either one of the dominant tickets but why look for alibis? Why not vote for a minority candidate?

Remember 1892!! James B. Weaver, as candidate of the Populist Party (based, primarily, on the idea of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1) polled, I believe, approximately a million votes. He was not elected but his *issue* was, for witness the nomination, four years later, at the hands of the Democratic party, of the late William Jennings Bryan and *on a free silver plank*, which became the principal question in that memorable campaign.

Politicians count *votes*—not hopes, wishes, prayers, nor aspirations—but VOTES, so let no one come back at me with the wornout "bunk" about "throwing your vote away."

Summit, N. J. PARKER D. KING.

Not Voting for the "Grand Oil Party"

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed find check, $3.00, for renewal of my subscription.

I am greatly disappointed in the attitude you take in the present national campaign; you certainly are acquainted with the infamous and scandalous crimes committed and attempted by the Grand Oil Party, during the past seven and one-half years, and how Senator Wheeler of Montana was persecuted for the part he took in trying to bring the criminals to justice, and then to think, that with your past high ideals and constant demand for righteousness, that you advise your readers to still vote to keep the Grand Oil Party in charge of the affairs of the nation.

Tammany in her most corrupt time during the Tweed ring was a mere bagatelle compared to what was done and attempted during the past eight years. If I were to vote the Republican ticket this year I would remove all the mirrors from my home so as not to look a crook in the face.

Norman Thomas who is the candidate of the Socialist party will get my support this year and then I can feel that when called upon by my maker I can meet him with a clean conscience.

I intend to still read UNITY for I hope that after the campaign you will get back to a more righteous conception of what is right.

El Monte, Calif. ISAAC F. BAKER.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE WORLD YOUTH PEACE CONGRESS AT EERDE

[From our Italian Correspondent.]

I

"Youth," at the World Peace Congress at Eerde, Holland, in August, was defined by one member as "a man in shorts with a beard and preferably bald." Under that category many qualified, but the delegates were all young of spirit even if decay had set in in vulnerable spots.

It was a colorful assembly, a background of white tents against purple heather and 500 "young" people from thirty different countries gathered together for the first time in history on their own initiative without adult leadership. There was every sort of costume from middy blouses and knickers to brightly colored Hindu robes and the suede shorts and blue linen jackets of the Germans. Russian communist delegates were not present, having been refused visas by both the Dutch and German governments. A group of Russian Tolstoyans had been refused passports by the Soviet government. Only expatriated Italians were present owing to the opposition of Fascism to anything as "effeminate" as pacifism.

America, with its 80 delegates, had the largest national representation. For the most part fresh from college, they were the youngest members there in age and by far the youngest in maturity. Many had come from other international student conferences in Europe, had consorted with young people of their own social set, and had assisted in the peaceful and orderly business of their meetings.

At Eerde they were startled to hear themselves denounced as tools of the capitalist class by communist delegates and ashamed to discover that they were practically the only members who could speak but one language. Their pride was shaken when they heard others of their age glibly discussing subjects of which they had never even heard. The criticism of Europe that America is a nation of children struck home.

The conference was divided into six sections for the study of various aspects of the peace problem. Each delegate aligned himself with the section in which he was most interested. Economic, political, educational and religious problems of international peace were threshed out and the conclusions reported to the congress as a whole.

Not always was it a peaceful assembly even though pacifist. A communist delegation of twenty Germans with instructions from Russia, who felt the revolutionary overthrow of capitalism more important than peace, were a difficult pill for the Congress to swallow. Concessions were made, the American delegates in a perhaps naive attempt to wipe out differences and come to a friendly agreement invited them to a tea party; but though the tea invitation was accepted no compromises were considered and the majority of the conference finally regretfully decided that it was useless for the Communists to remain since the progress of work was being materially impeded.

Language was another serious impediment. German, French and English were used officially and every speech was therefore translated twice. Countless misunderstandings arose as when a speaker objected that all of his speech had not been interpreted. "Oh, yes it was," said the interpreter, "only you said it three times and I only said it once." The adoption of some one official language before another conference would be a distinct advantage. Many groups of the youth movement in Germany have already made Esperanto one of their chief concerns and believe that by general use it will become enriched, thus overcoming present objections to it as a dull and mechanical language.

That the congress made decisions on certain questions is secondary to the fact that the youth of five continents have come together voluntarily for the common purpose of stamping out war and establishing permanent peace. All honor is due to the British Federation of Youth who conceived the idea of a world congress of youth for peace and who organized this first conference.

DOROTHY WALTON.

II.

Eerde, Holland.—"Success to the Congress. Whether the world is to have truth and peace, or untruth and war, will depend upon youth."

This was the message which Mahatma Gandhi sent to the Youth Peace Congress in a telegram. Radjendra Prasad read a letter from C. F. Andrews who said, "From the depth of my heart I send greetings to the World Youth Peace Congress. I had hoped to be present, along with Mahatma Gandhi, in order to bear to the youth of the world the good wishes of Young India, but he could not come to Europe. India, for countless generations, has been wedded to peace by her own deepest religious and moral instincts. Today she holds out her hand to the youth of the West, who are determined to do their utmost to banish the bloodshed, misery and destruction of war from the earth."

The Congress, which was held from August 17 to 27, was attended by about four hundred delegates, seventy from America, seventy from Germany, twenty from England, and the rest divided among seventeen other countries.

The Congress was held upon a wooded heath, carpeted with purple heather. We lived in tents.

It was the aim of the Congress to determine the causes of international and class conflict, to recount some of the remedies which are already under way, and others which might be used to bring about a better understanding between nations and classes, and a things of life for those who produce more just distribution of the good them by their labor. The delegates were mostly workers in the various national socialist parties and students in sympathy with the idea of a new social order. We divided ourselves into six groups or commissions, to make possible the treatment of certain phases of the larger problems which could not be handled in the large assembly. These commissions dealt with politics, economics, education, minorities, races and religion. Sessions of the whole Congress met at various times to hear a report from the different commissions.

The last two days of the Congress were given over to voting on the resolutions presented by the different commissions, and to the discussion of the form which continuation work for peace should assume, following the close of the Congress.

The idea of the inevitability of the class struggle in Europe, and its revolutionary character, was made clear by sixteen Communists, none of whom were Russian, who tried in every way, short of using force, to break up the Congress, openly acknowledging that they were out to do everything in their power to prevent the formation of a bourgeois international league of youth.

All the way through the deliberations of the Congress they acted as obstructionists, raising uncalled-for points of order, and insisting upon giving vent to long and fiery revolutionary speeches. One of the German Communists said that their group had attempted to place a Communist in each commission in order to prevent it from doing business. The communist did not succeed in breaking up the Congress, but many hours which could have gone into an analysis of the subjects considered by the Congress, were wasted in fruitless disputes.

There was a general agreement that in the interest of lasting peace, Imperialism must be abolished in all its forms.

The anti-Imperialist speakers from India, Mexico, the United States and England were of the opinion that youth, in order to combat Imperialism, must seek to give publicity concerning the true situation of different peoples. Also they must refuse to enlist in army or navy or take part in foreign service under imperialistic government.

An anti-Fascist resolution was carried. The Communist program for the dictatorship of the proletariat was not accepted. The League of Nations was not regarded by the majority as a guarantor of peace and justice, although a minority had confidence in it. A resolution went through unanimously declaring that the responsibility for the World War could not be placed alone on Germany.

Mr. Tan of China reported on the imperialistic oppression of China and other Asiatic peoples. Mr. Ariori, a colored man, protested against the treatment of the Negroes of South Africa. Indian delegates urged full

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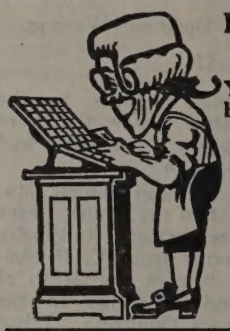

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political independence for that country.

The Political Commission functioned under the leadership of Dr. Otto Reinemann of Germany and Aloys Zenner of France, the Economic, under leadership of Prof. C. H. Matthews of the United States and Hans Gaidis of Germany. Jean Louis Claparede, of the International Education Bureau of Geneva reported the desire of his organization to cooperate. The Axel Pille of Denmark emphasized the necessity of the education of the individual. Clare Huchet of France said, "We must not educate children to be either pacifists or militarists, but to be human beings."

Georg Schmidt of Germany represented the Minority Commission, and made a report. The Minority Commission was presided over by Felix Gross of Poland, together with Magda Lovas of Hungary. Mario Pistocchio of Italy said he was concerned above all things in the rectifying of the injustices of the Peace Treaty of 1919, and the oppression of the minorities in Italy and other countries.

One afternoon in the Open-Air Theatre, the mythological play, "Balder," was performed. In the evening there was a concert. German, French and Hungarian songs were rendered. The contribution of Madame Iliona Durigo of Zurich and Tibor Kasics of Lucerne were appreciated. The day closed with a camp fire around which various delegations sang characteristic national songs.

Margaret Lyford.